

BLEWS HAWKS SWIPE EXAM QUESTIONS

Popular Procrates Poses Perfectly Pure Paradox

The Republic, January 16 . . . In a special interview for the Wellesley College *Blews*, Professor Thomas H. Procrates, well-known mind-reader, disclosed today his discovery of the square circle, following years of research. "The only way to really understand the square circle is to get inside it," explained Mr. Procrates, patterning his remarks along lines taken by Bergson. "Its beauty lies in its complete irrationality."

The distinguished professor claimed his discovery came to him in a vision caused when he attempted to play Bach on the 'cello while his daughter was listening to the 920 club. His discovery was backed up by Ginny Honky Tonk, lovely local logician, was claimed it was quite subversive, "something like the illicit process of the minor. Miss Vary Koolidge was engaged in preparing Gin Rikeys for her seminar and refused to comment.

Professor Procrates is summarizing his remarks on the square circle in a treatise entitled "The Idea of Nothing" or "What Twenty Years at Wellesley Did For Me." It is expected to create the biggest stir in the philosophical vortex since Whitehead's "Romance and Reality."

STICK YOUR

DEFENSE STAMP

HERE

Flash! Flash!

Special Dispatch From Air-Raid Warden, Mr. Torrence Psmith. Before an enormous crowd of three people, Mr. Psmith said in conclusion, "In general, peace times are safer than war times."

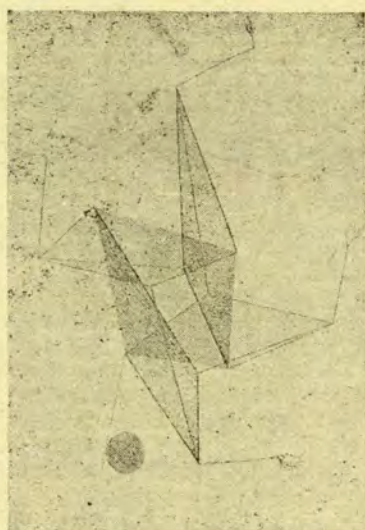
Hurtus Quits D. O. T. D. C. F. F. S. I. W. W. and W.

Mr. Bedward Fely Hurtus of the Mystery Department has resigned from the Defensively On The Defense Committee For Furthering Safety In Wellesley's Woods And Waters because regulations would not permit him to leave the telephone booth from 6 a.m. to 6 a.m. and so he could not listen to his favorite radio program, *Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy*.

"What are we defending anyway?" said Hurtus curtly.

Admission Plans

Miss Planne Spelington, secretary to the Board of Admission, announces that in order to Help Our War Effort, a diploma from an accredited kindergarten will satisfy requirements for admission to Wellesley, under new Plan K. The applicant must be in the upper 6-7 of a graduating class of not less than 5.6 members.



Mr. Procrates' Diagrammatic Representation of Round Square

Libe Will Exhibit A Choice Volume From Works of J. E. Wordsworth

Miss Frilla Feed, Curator of anything special that happens to be lying around, announces a special exhibition of the fifteenth edition of the third volume of the early poetry of the second cousin of William Wordsworth, J. Eliot Wordsworth. J. Eliot was the model for the babe who leaped in his mother's arms in *Odeon Imitations of Immortality*.

This is a very choice volume in the Pocket Book collection.

War Jobs

In order to help our war effort and to release more soldiers for purely military activities, The Placement Office announces that the Army announces that there are openings at Fort Bragg, Monlips, and Hevens, in:

- Potato-peeling (must be over 21)
- Dishwashing (especially for Chemistry Majors)
- Poetry Reading (must be mature)

Applicants should apply for applications at once in order to apply for applications.

Domestic Faculty Wins Flower Award for Eats

Miss Vary Koolidge, Professor of Philosophy, was this week awarded the *Playtonic Press* rose for serving the best food to her seminar. This award was made after a careful campus survey of other seminars including those conducted by Messrs. Lamb, Pilley, and Procter. It was concluded that the feminine touch of domesticity is what really counts when it comes to higher education.

Miss Koolidge blushed when the *Press* reporter came to see her but willingly drew a diagram on the board to explain how she went about preparing the repast for Philosophy 321. She said she obtained her first culinary experience while taking a course in American Idealism where the principal message was "It's not life that matters; it's the food with which you greet it." Miss Koolidge has promised to serve cake with Kant when she takes over 214 next semester.

Wellesley Women Want To Win War

Miss Take-a-Fee Announces Stupid Changes In Curriculum

In order to Help Our War Effort, Miss Pildread Take-a-fee, after consulting with the Horde of Bustees and Crackademic Bouncel, announces that many changes will be made in the Wellesley Way of Life to Help Our War Effort.

The major change will be that the whole curriculum will be accelerated to Help Our War Effort. To Help Our War Effort (Let me see, where was I? Oh—) To, that is to say, Help Our War Effort, without sacrificing crackademic ideals and the essentials (which are so essential), of a Wellesley education, graduation will take place on June 14 instead of June 15.

Among the other drastic changes which are the inevitable result of such far-reaching alterations, are enormous modifications of the Wellesley Diet. Mrs. Constantly Lovey, Head Dietitian, announces that, in order to Help Our War Effort, for the first time in its long and honorable history the college will serve powdered eggs, burnt toast, skimmed milk and horsemeat. Her office will issue special doses of benzedrine to any student who has a certificate from her doctor testifying that she has fainted at least twice from malnutrition and needs a special-energy diet. Because of war priorities, ambrosier, applepan-dowdy, and peppermint pineapple sauce on butter crunch-peanut brittle-strawberry ice cream will be curtailed.

Ella Keeps On Biting, Dean of Instruction, announces the institution of several bright new courses to Help Our War Effort.

Speech 1812: Army Speech or How To Talk to Soldiers. A critical evaluation of the direct, hard-to-get and us-buddies approach with some consideration of the evolution of slang in individual camps.

Miss Conceal La Tanke.
Political Science X-9: Intermediate Espionage, with concentration upon the principles of spying and careful attention to the work of M. Hari, S. Holmes, E. Queen and some consideration of *Visiting Hairy Biting Talks Professor, D. Borscht Chowder-consomme.*

To Help Our War Effort, Daffy Sneeze Slackford, President of College Government, announces that C. G. and the administration prefer students not to wear skirts, but to appear in slacks. While this rule is in no sense compulsory, good taste etc. etc. College disapproval, and social ostracism are the lot of any student who will not willingly comply with this suggestion.

ATTENTION

This is Not a Joke

Students who have studied Physics and who are interested in national service are urged to consider electing the course in Electricity for the second semester. See article in News of January 22nd, page 4.

Klever Kids Purloin Gems From Prolific Professors



Blews Sleuth Risking Life

Rolf Haugen Gets Unimportant Post

Blews announces the appointment of Mr. Rolf Haugen of the Political Science Department to the position of Sole Faculty Advisor.

Mr. Haugen has distinguished himself in the eyes of the *Blews* Board during the past few weeks by observing minutely all typographical errors, misspellings and misquotations in *Blews* articles and sternly bringing them to the attention of the abashed *Blews* editors. When he discovered in a recent issue the headline 'Political Scientist Squeaks to Audience,' he was so overcome that it took five glasses of Lake Waban water to revive him. *Blews* Editors on their part were so humiliated that they immediately offered him the position of Advisor on Minutiae.

"Of course an amendment has to be made to the constitution of the *Blews*," said Mr. Haugen, or Butchie, as he is affectionately known to reporters. "We can't do anything that isn't constitutional." He was swinging briskly on the back of Perry the Peregrinating Pup, a stuffed dog hanging from the *Blews* ceiling. Every once in a while he would stop swinging to issue commands to the cringing editors.

"We're going to make over the *Blews* into a journal of political significance," said Butchie.

Cower Shorters Plan A Gay Tea

Mrs. Pree Morphinee, Head of Cower Short Hall, North and South, announces a Slug-Your-Neighbor Tea, as part of the new get-acquainted program.

"In times like these," said Mrs. Pree Morphinee.

All upperclassmen are invited to attend and to invite their Little Blisters. Guests are required to provide their own blackjacks.

Head of the Refreshment Committee is Arsenic Q. Strychnine '00. Refreshments will be served.

Wellesley's Only Practical Place

WORK in the WORKROOM

Knitting - Sewing - Gossip

Ever crusading for public welfare, especially in the cause of Youth of Today in Times Like These, the Wellesley College *Blews* once again brings justice to triumph. Last year at this very hour, daring Blewshawks were unearthing the secrets of iniquitous Pond Road, and were investigating the criminal embezzlement of C. A. funds. Now we attack that long-standing injustice, that absolute perversion of academic ideals, that mud in the water of the fount of learning: the Examination System.

Feeling that providing amusement for the faculty was not sufficient reason for two weeks of extreme torture, feeling that this unholy suspicion that students had not done their work was both childish and true, feeling that it is unpatriotic to waste paper in The World of Today, we have sacrificed Life, Limb, and Honor, to combat this insidious evil and have acquired information about the examination questions.

To cover this hazardous assignment, we chose our attractive ace reporter, Mast Hed '76. Although but a mere wisp of a girl, weighing only 268 pounds, Mast Hed eagerly accepted the task. Raising her cross-eyes and lifting a palsied hand (which she found on the floor) Masty exclaimed, "Yassuh, Boss. Ah'll do it, sho' nuff."

Although the means of unearthing this startling information cannot yet be disclosed to a waiting world, our readers may rest assured that these are the one, the only, exam questions. In the brief, frantic midnight hour allotted to them, the *Blews* editors hastily copied as many questions as possible in their effort to provide the Wellesley student with weapons to combat this nefarious, un-American, heinous, dastardly (see any book of synonyms) condition.

Read these sample questions and relax. Make no more coffee. Throw away your can of midnight oil. Away with those notes that the girl who took the course last year gave you.

As the chief question for English Literature 309, Miss Catty Candy Balkerfun has chosen: *What do I think of Shakespeare?* After profound meditation, T. Hayes Procrates has chosen the following problem for Philosophy 107: *Name a great Greek philosopher whose name began with "S" and who did not wear sandals.* Miss Chemise Nutcracker is asking the students of Political Science 104 to tell *Why is the present world situation so awful?*

Other examination questions are:

Zoology 101, Miss Wary Boston: *Which came first, the chicken or the egg?* English Literature 307, Miss Scarfa Rail Tackford: *In what branch of the service would Wordsworth enlist today?*

English Composition 101, Miss Wagnes Prances Gherkins: *What am wrong with these here sentences:*

1. I don't know nothing.

2. Them guys ain't right no-how.

3. Nuts to the Comp Department.

Education 200, Mr. Don Juan Silly: *Why? That is to say, wherefore?* (i.e., whence?) Do you follow me?

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

Wellesley College Blews

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Editors-in-Chief Neigh Sackcloth and
Special Photographic Editor Ghostlike Yellowstone
Far Correspondent Burning Brand
Censor Elya Wengoroff
Most Popular Professor Phoney Skateanski
Air Raid Warden ? ? ? ?
Mr. Smith

The Unexamined Life Is Not Worth Living

This being exam time and you probably being as bored as we are, *Blews* is very happy to present some homey little suggestions on how to keep from meditating on the futility of it all. This is all without extra charge to anyone who has so much time to waste she is reading this.

1. Mental state—remember that Socrates, the wisest man of all, said "I know nothing." Tell this to your teachers and go skiing for the weekend.

2. Meditation—One of the best ways to keep from getting depressed is to set an alarm clock for 8.20, leave it in the chapel and then attend the morning service.

3. Look up fraternity houses in the phone book and call them up. We got a lot of fun out of this in high school. Or call up faculty and tell them they made a mistake making out their income tax.

4. Announce your engagement. News would be glad to retract it later when things aren't so dull.

5. Try gypping in an examination. You won't be bored all the time you are being expelled.

6. Do you hate that feeling of going back in your room after supper and shutting the door, leaving you all alone with yourself who is probably very dull? Next time you get there, yell air-raid out the window, and wait for Mr. Smith to come.

7. Practice Yoga.

Snappy Education

The Wellesley Blews wants to toot its own horn along with other major organizations in congratulating the administration on having accelerated our educational system. In accordance with the announcement we have misprinted from the President's Office Wellesley girls will graduate a week after entrance. This will mean maintenance of Freshmen joys with none of the academic worries which follow, leaving our girls relaxed and ready for the part in national defense.

For a long time the Wellesley Blews has felt our System of Education lacked unity. This new method of administration will make possible the maximum amount of coherence possible in any undergraduate body. Moreover, it will undoubtedly remove Wellesley girls from the stigma of being too intellectual which had marred their matrimonial chances in the past.

Patriotism

At this time Blews would like to bring up for serious consideration the question of whether we should or should not celebrate the fourth of July this year. Of course, there are important arguments for both sides. Many insist that the practice we will get from torpedoes may be needed later on. Moreover, there is the argument that if you are going to get burned by fireworks you might as well have fun doing it.

On the other side of the ledger, there is the point that most of the men will be away this year and there is no point playing with fireworks unless there is someone there to impress. Blews will welcome any discussion of this problem in its Free Press column upon payment of ten cents per inch to the editor.

Any resemblance to actual people or situations is very interesting

This issue is dedicated to Dr. DeKruif

Today

By A. B. '91, C. D. '02, E. F. '23,
G. H. I. '34, J. K. L. M. '45, N. M.
O. '56, P's and Q's '67 & '89.

More
War

Free Press

In keeping with our new policy, a slight charge will be made for the formerly free press. Contributions will be accepted at 10 cents an inch and should be left on Joan Pinanski's desk. She is saving for a defense stamp.

For Fewer Exams

To the Wellesley College Blews:

Having failed to pass all my exams, and anticipating lots of war work to keep me busy in the near future, I feel that now is the time for me to make my suggestions for more efficient running of the College. Since the subject is so pertinent I must express my strong feeling about the terrible conditions that exist concerning examinations. All progressive colleges are now exempting from examinations all those students with D averages, since it is perfectly obvious that they will not pass anyway. The saving in paper, ink, and dispositions is enormous. Faculty members of these wide-awake institutions are heartily in favor of this system, reporting that they find much more time for badminton and air raid warden duties. Arise, Wellesley, do your part for defense by abolishing exams for all with less than C averages.

A.R.P. ex-'42

More Fish

To the Wellesley College Blews:

As the Isaac Walton of the Class of '45 I should like to know why the brook down by Sage is not better stocked with trout. I came here with the understanding that all sports were offered at this joint. This fall I spent three weeks down by the brook without even a mosquito bite. I don't believe you

can get so much as a pickled herring in Lake Waban. What sort of a school is this?

X.Y. '45

Seminars

To the Wellesley College Blews:

When enrolling I understood that Wellesley offered many seminars to Seniors with small enrollments. This year I am taking Psychology 994, but there are five people in the class. I feel I could get to know the teacher better if four of these were eliminated. He and I are all wrapped up in our subject and they keep asking silly questions. Have you any suggestions?

Mollie Moron, '42

Wellesley Should Speed Up!

To the Wellesley College Blews:

Many of the far-seeing members of the student body are appalled by the prevailing attitude on campus opposing a speed-up system for Wellesley. We believe that it is imperative that women's colleges and especially Wellesley must face the situation and take action. All the best Prep schools for men are condensing schedules and introducing summer work in order to prepare students for college in 3 years. Men's colleges are giving degrees at the end of three years. And how does all this effect Wellesley? Most drastically! Those of us who have studied the problem predict that in fewer years than it takes to tell, neophytes of 15 will be considered mature and brilliant sophomores at Harvard and will be graduating with honors at 17. As you can see the present system at Wellesley will have dire consequences. Do you want the class of '49 (average age 21) going to Senior Prom with a man whose voice is still changing.

I.Q. '43

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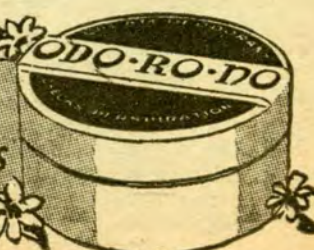
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Air-Raid Warden of Zone N Shown Defending Campus Cops

Blews Presents Advice About Crucial Subject

Since considerable inquiry has been made of us as to how to be unpopular in order to give one time to study for exams, we are glad to present an interview with the local telephone operator on the subject of how to occupy a telephone booth for the evening. She smiled when we approached and began to speak in outline form.

1. Immediately after supper ask your friends not to use the phone since you are expecting a long distance call.

2. He calls. After a normal fifteen minute conversation is completed, it is your turn to start ask-

ing irrelevant questions. How is the weather where you are? Do you think of me often? What do you think when you are thinking of me? Etc. Keep this up until your corridor has gathered outside.

3. When he finally hangs up, ask the people waiting outside if they don't mind waiting one more minute please. Then start to play games with the operator. The phone booth may be properly regarded as a slotmachine. Caress first gently and then shake with vigor. If nothing comes out call, the Superintendent and tell her you have deposited twenty cents for a fifteen cent call. She will tell you you can't have your money back, but wouldn't you like another call?

4. Call home.
5. Upon leaving the phone booth, pour onion juice in the receiver.

Greased Notes

The Wellesley musical world was overwhelmed last night by the debut of Mr. Roast Lamb, flute virtuoso, in front of the mirror in Billings Hall. The audience gathered in the main section of the hall and watched Mr. Lamb perform through the door. The mirror was necessary to enable the performer to see his moustache and prevent it from becoming involved with his embrochure.

Roast Lamb's technique on the flute is stunning. Like Schubert's music, there is really very little one can say about it. It simply "is". The concert proceeded without interruption until a cadenza in a long piece by Ah Lin Wang, student of orchestration. This was so moving that air-raid wardens Sleeper, Wyser, and Holmes could not resist rushing in with buckets of sand to strew on the performing artist. The concert climaxed when Mr. Lamb reached the "gallop" from the William Tell Overture and Mr. Hinner arrived in the back of Billings on horseback for illustrative effect.

The music Mr. Lamb performed was written in all seven clefs, except for a small and particularly lovely section in neumes. Mr. H. H. Holmes photographed the entire performance from a cozy booth in the library. These pictures will be on sale at Billings with an auctioneer in charge of bidding. Miss Very Much Wiser has a concession booth there from which she hopes to dispose of all the metronomes in captivity at a reasonable rate. Tea will be served at 4 every day by Dr. Gotyourcandle. Mr. Dean will pour.

N. G. '42

Cavalry to Encamp In Billings Hall Quarters

A bulletin from the Office of Civilian Defense reveals that the 101st Cavalry, long known as Wellesley's favorite regiment, will be quartered in Billings Hall starting next week. This move was undertaken to promote morale in the regiment which has been very depressed since recent social activity has been curtailed. Billings was chosen for the encampment because it so resembles a barracks it was hoped the boys would feel at home. Jean Stone and Elizabeth Hough, undergrads in charge of Devens, were interviewed by Blews representatives as the announcement came in. Miss Hough said, "It's up to you girls to give up your music for defense." Miss Stone merely grinned unattractively.

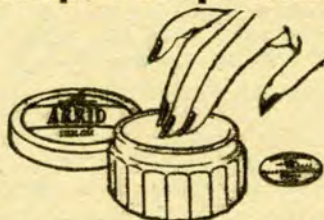
Lucky Lads

As a public service feature, The Wellesley College Blews is publishing a list of male professors whom as far as we know are unmarried. This list is subject to change without notice. Anyone wishing to be included should communicate with us at once.

Thomas B. Jeffrey . . . Assistant Professor of Art (Wel. 2308).

Malcolm H. Holmes . . . Conductor of the Orchestra, Director of Chamber Music, and Manager of the Concert Series. (Also conducts at Harvard and Radcliffe).

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OUTLINES

★ Etaoin Shridlu, Acting President of the War Emergency Committee for the Extinguishing of Unnecessary Electrical Illumination

By Neigh and Ghostalie

As your little reporter stumbled over the boxes in her darkened room, Etaoin Shridlu rushed forward, brandishing a candle, a flashlight, and a few assorted blackout buttons, and cooed, "Oh, do have a first aid bandage!"

As we were glancing about her dirty room in Hunger Hall, 23 of her intimate friends fell in, and told us that "Wa-Wa" (as she is called among her pals for the resemblance of her voice to the cry of the untamed mountain goat) is a perfect bum. "She is nasty and officious," they said. Then they marched out in single file, picking up large chunks of birthday cake and a few cases of cokes on the way.

"They only come for the food," wailed wistful Wa-Wa wheezily. "I haven't a single friend."

"Gluck-muck" (as she is called among her pals for her resemblance to the untamed mountain duck-wuck) has had a most distinguished career at Wellesley. She has blue eyes and has been assistant secretary to the assistant secretary of Silo, campus dramatic organization. In her Sophomore year, she was head of the Committee for Collection of Dirty Tea-Cups at Sophomore Tea Dance. In her Junior year, she shone in the role of Dead Dog in Tree Day.

Like all true daughters of Wellesley, she collects Things. Her collection of Wellesley silverware, taken from many a dormitory dining room, is unequalled. Her collection of 27 recordings of *Chattanooga K'tchoo* is unrivalled. Her collection of *Superman* books is unparalleled and won her the Junior Library Prize in her Sophomore year.

When asked if her office inter-



feres with her studies, "Ba-Ba" (as she is called among her pals for her resemblance to the untamed mountain sheep) screamed, as she jumped on the unmade bed, "Blank, no! I don't do a obscenity thing!"

When asked about her plans for the future, "Coy-Coy" (as she is called among her pals for her resemblance to the untamed mountain coyote) shyly but cordially flicked her cigarette ashes into our left eye. Writting modestly, she screeched, "I'm lovely. I'm ENGAGED. And I slather Pond's Cold Cream all over me!"

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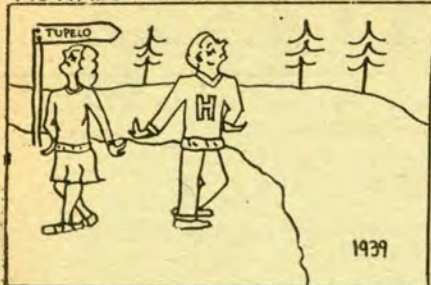
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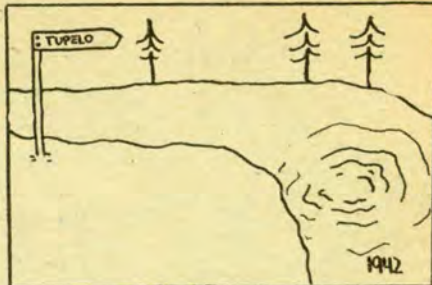
TODAY'S LESSON - AN



OLD WELLESLEY TRADITION



By Ghostalia.



College Notes

The following girls would like to announce that they are NOT engaged and are available for future dating.

- Ann Negbauer '42.
- Shirley Davenport '42.
- Murrayl Groh '42.
- Barbara Wright '42.
- Lucia Snyder '44.
- Jean Stone '44.
- Ruth Martin '42.

Campus Crier

Lost—Near a pot of hothouse violets in the Chem Lab, my notes on "the Nutritional Value of a Split Pea." Finder please return to Vera Warner, in care of Outing Club.

Wanted Known—For a nominal fee I am ready to rite anyone a thesis on any subject, in any langwitch, Chinese, Dutch, Spanish, Rossian or Hindustani. Apply to Ghost Writers' Agency, President, Dip "Smolensk" dePuy.

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Are You a Low or High Grade Moron? Even if you are mediocre, I will test your intellectual possibilities by my new efficiency method of giving psychological tests. All findings kept secret if you wish. Call me at once—Dot Klauder '42.

Lost—Judicial dignity by Barbara "Muzzer Superior" Bishop at sophomore anti-exam party. Please return at once to owner—office College Government.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 5)

English Literature 218 and 306, Miss Cannie Thimble Cruell: Write all that I have said this semester. Use chartreuse paper only.

Biblical History 104, Miss Freeze Lettimoan Twith: Discuss the following O. T. editors: A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, and X.

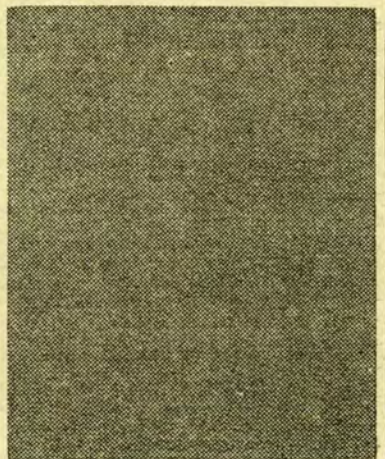
Hygiene 120, Dr. Scary Disher de Life: What are plenty of fresh air, rest, sunshine, and green leafy vegetables good for?

French 101, Miss Truth E. Shark: Parlez-vous francais?

German 101, Miss Hairianne Cavemann: Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Spanish 101, Miss Shad Roe: Habla espanol?

History L02, Mr. Bedward Feely Hurtus: What year are we living in?

Art 205, Miss Syrupy True Confession: See slide. Where are you



Slides: Art 205. (See Story) standing and in what cathedral? Give your age.

Music 206, Mr. Howhard Diners: Discuss the ultimate musical significance of "Ain't It a Shame about Mame."

Reporter Observes That Faculty Are All Wet from Window of Pool

by What A Splash

Despite the inhospitable secrecy with which the faculty generally take their Thursday night bath in the bright new shiny Davenport pool, the Wellesley Blews, anxious to prove that teachers keep clean too, last night secured a desirable position outside the underwater window and hence is able to bring you the latest News from the waterfront.

The first pair to come bubbling down were Miss Katherine Balderston and Miss Anita Oyarzabel, present leaders in the faculty swimming race. This speedy pair is half way across the Charles and very proud of it. When interviewed as to what she thought about while swimming, Miss Balderston cooed, "What would Shakespeare do now?" Miss Oyarzabel answered us in rapid Spanish which we censored.

Bubbling around odd corners of the pool was air-raided Warden Smith, on look for any building

aides who might be cutting classes. As he came up for air he was heard to mutter, "Zone N is the best darn zone in town."

Miss Virginia Onderdonk was the first of the faculty to dive. She began with a swan off the high platform and blew bubbles as she whipped through the pool. It was analyzed as an almost perfect parabola by logicians in the stands.

The evening's activities reached a climax when Miss McAfee playfully pushed Dean Wilson off the low board and then followed herself on water-wings. Miss Wilson has perfected an under-water paddling machine which will take her around the pool in 1 minute flat. There is a seat for her parrot on one side.

Calendar

Friday, January 30: 9 p.m., Botany 101. This exam will meet down by the brook outside of Sage to be in easy reach of material. 2 p.m., Biblical History 204. Come prepared to recite the New Testament in Greek. Philosophy 107, conflict with Mathematics 106 and Psychology 101. Exhibition bout between Mr. Proctor and Mrs. Mallory. Psychology 309. Postponed. No morons available in Wellesley.

Saturday, January 31: 9 p.m., Education 206. Come prepared to answer if freedom can be taught. 2 p.m., History 102, conflict with Sociology 102. Conflict called off. Too much fighting in Pacific. 2 p.m., Sociology 303, Criminology. Bring your own guns. 8 p.m., Alumnae Hall. Beer party for lower 10 per cent of Senior Class.

Monday, February 2: 9 p.m., Hygiene 120. It is expected that everyone will have bathed the night before. 2 p.m., Psychology 101. How to get along with your mother-in-law. Music 206. Records by Goodman, Krupa, and Dorsey.

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Melchior, tenor, Feb. 1

Horowitz, pianist, Feb. 1

Metropolitan Opera repertoire to be announced soon

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BERMUDA TERRACE
HOTEL BRUNSWICK

Dear Pat

Examitis has got me down — life is just one irregular verb after another — the only dates I've seen in a coon's age are the ones in my history —

Just one thing keeps me going: Ted has a furlough, and we're going skiing next week! Ah me, the snowy slopes, the air like wine, the blue sky, and especially the lovely lovely fireplaces . . .

Re chaperones and all that, please tell Mother we're staying with Ted's aunt . . .

Re clothes, have managed to scrape up a modest sum and Fredleys have come through with the smoothest ski outfit — navy pants, very slimming, with an adorable red Churchill jacket with brass buttons for \$19.95. Smart mitts and knitted cap. And for those glorious fireside hours, a Lanz slack suit of dark green with red piping and silver buttons, \$25. So, lambie pie, if I live thro' exams everything is bound to be hunky dory even if it doesn't snow!

Love, Skipper